

DAREDEVIL

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!



RWAGNER
WICKENHOLD
95

PUNKS.

I HATE THEM.

MAGGOTS.

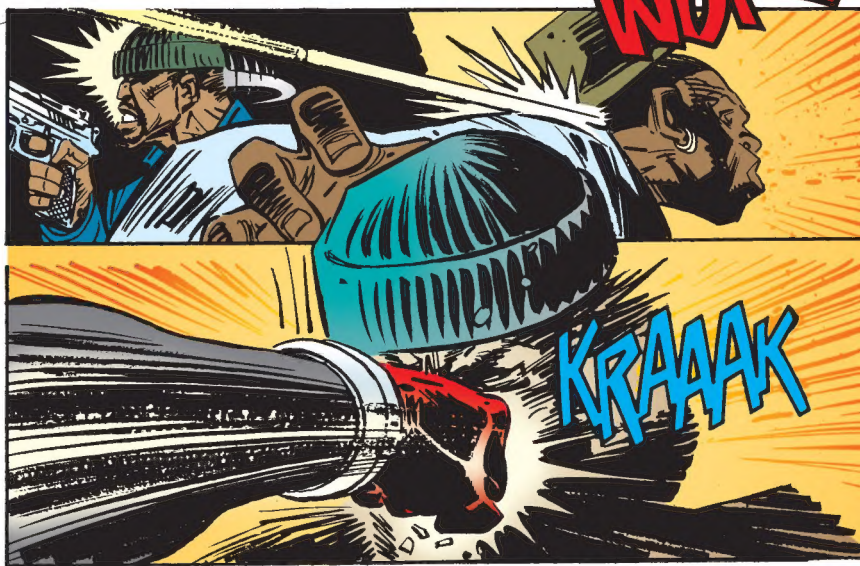
BOTTOM-
FEEDERS.

HATE THEIR LABORED
BREATHING, THEIR
FOUL BREATH, THEIR
CLUMSY HEAVY
TREAD.

HATE THE STINK
THEY LEAVE HANGING
ON THE NIGHT AIR.



AH...BUT
THEIR
FEAR--!





I LOVE THEIR FEAR.



STAN LEE PRESENTS **DAREDEVIL** THE LIONEL LINCOLN PEARSON IN
OVER THE EDGE, PART TWO:
OLD SOLDIERS

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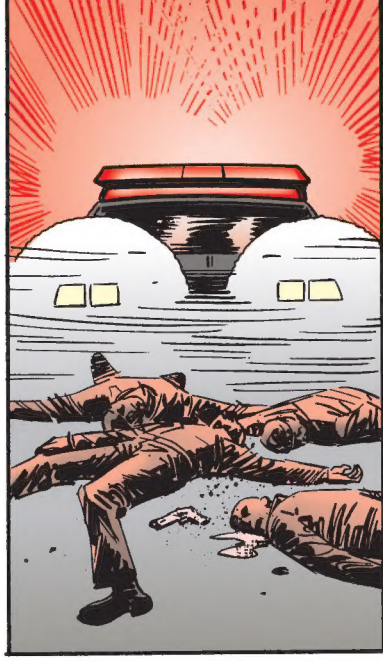
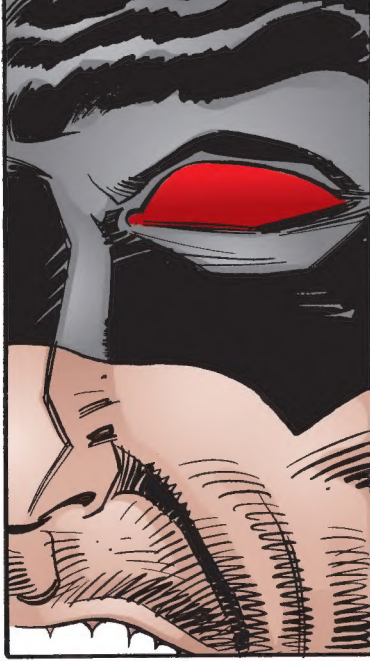
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NOT PUNKS AND MAGGOTS: MEN!
NOT BOTTOM-FEEDERS: HUMAN BEINGS!

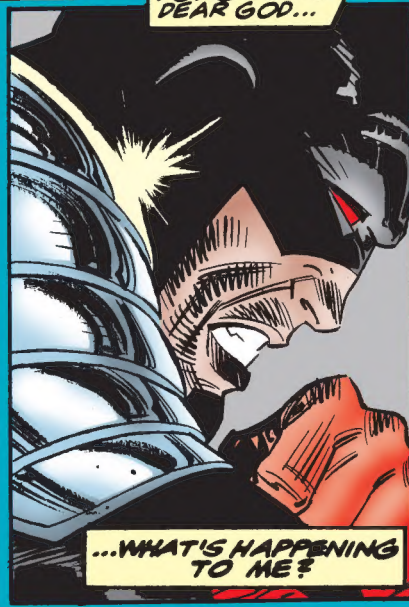
THEY ROBBED A TWO-BIT EAST VILLAGE
ART GALLERY OF A HUNDRED DOLLARS
WORTH OF PAINTINGS.

THE MINUTE THEY SAW ME THEY
DROPPED THE STUFF AND RAN.
I COULD HAVE TAKEN THEM
DOWN WITHOUT THROWING A
PUNCH. HELL, I COULD HAVE
LET THEM GO.

BUT WHAT DID I DO?
CHASED THEM FOR
BLOCKS, TOYING
WITH THEM, LETTING
THEIR FEAR BUILD TO
WHITE HOT INTENSITY.
AND, THEN--

AND
THEN--!

DEAR GOD, I'M
SORRY, DEAR GOD,
FORGIVE ME,
DEAR GOD...



...WHAT'S HAPPENING
TO ME?

IS THIS THE RIGHT
THING?

FOR A FEW PRECIOUS YEARS
THEY SHOWED A JADED OLD
SOLDIER THAT THERE WAS
MORE TO LIFE THAN BLOOD
AND THUNDER.

AM I DISHONORING
THEIR MEMORY BY WHAT
I'M DOING TONIGHT?

WILL PULLING A TRIGGER
CHANGE THE PAST? BRING
MY FAMILY BACK?

THAT LOVE COULD TRANS-
FORM EVEN THE MOST
HARDENED HEART.

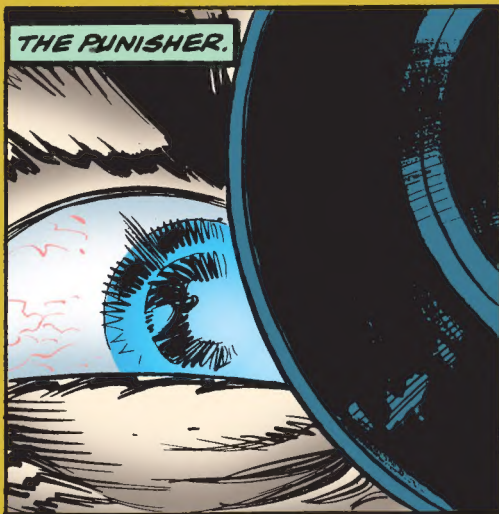
NO!

LOVE FAILED. LOVE DIED.
NICK FURY KILLED IT.
MURDERED MY WORLD.

THE FRANK CASTLE MY WIFE AND
CHILDREN LOVED WAS AN ILLUSION.
HE ONLY EXISTED BECAUSE THEY
BELIEVED IN HIM.

WITH THEM GONE-- I AM
WHO I ALWAYS WAS. WHO
I'LL ALWAYS BE:

THE PUNISHER.



THERE HE IS: SCORPIO, THEY
CALL HIM. FURY'S LITTLE BOY.



HOW WOULD YOU FEEL, NICK, IF
THE ONLY THING IN THE WORLD
THAT MATTERED TO YOU...



...WAS BLASTED TO
BLOODY PIECES?



THAT'S IT, KID-- ON YOUR FEET. START
RUNNING THE SCENARIOS: WHO'S
OUT THERE? HOW MANY?

TRACE THE BULLET'S
TRAJECTORY. FIGURE
OUT WHERE THE
SHOOTER IS.

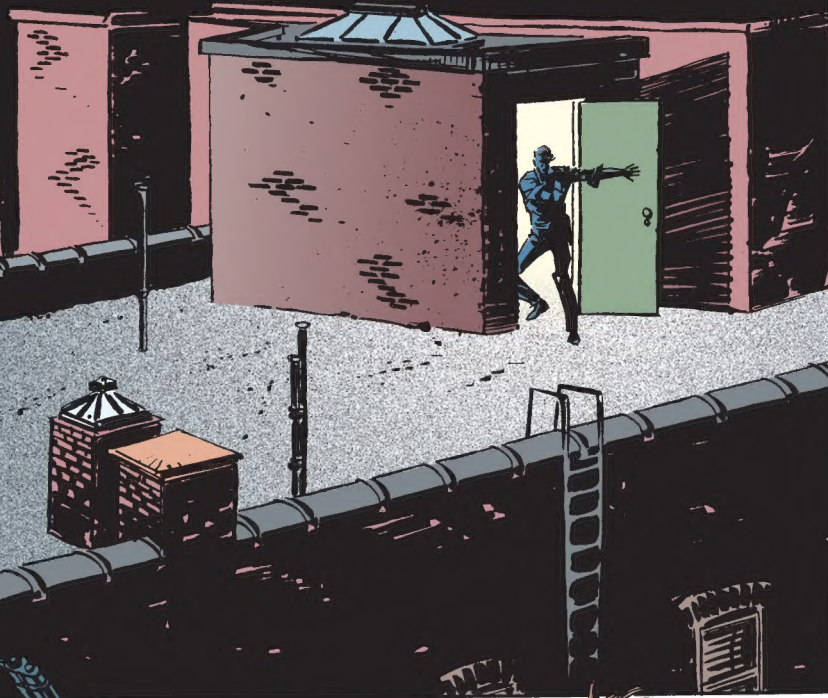


AND NOW YOU'RE WON-
DERING WHY ANYONE
WITH THAT CLEAR A
SHOT DIDN'T TAKE YOUR
HEAD OFF... BLOW IT
APART LIKE A RIPE
MELON.

YOU'RE THINKING
THAT, IF THEY
MISSED, THEY MUST
HAVE MISSED
INTENTIONALLY.

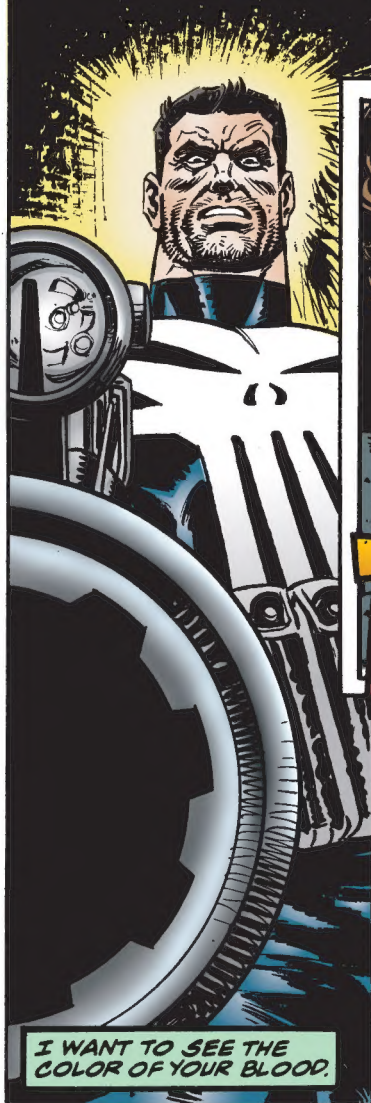


RIGHT
YOU ARE,
KID.



BEFORE I FINISH THIS, LITTLE BOY, I WANT TO SEE YOU SWEAT.





I WANT TO SEE THE
COLOR OF YOUR BLOOD.



NOW THIS IS ONE OF THE STUPIDEST
THINGS I'VE EVER DONE.



CASTLE'S ON THE LOOSE SOME-
WHERE, CRAZIER THAN EVER...

...AND I DECIDE TO DUCK OUT OF HQ-- AND TAKE
A STROLL THROUGH THE OLD NEIGHBORHOOD.

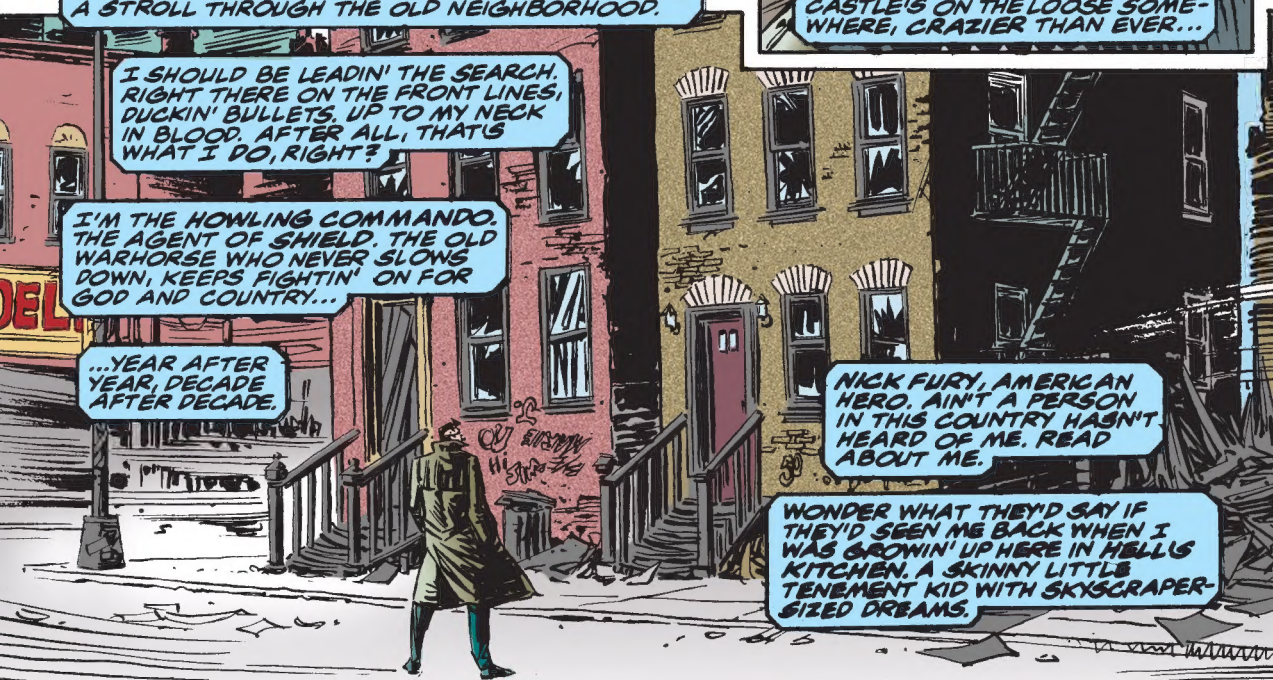
I SHOULD BE LEADIN' THE SEARCH,
RIGHT THERE ON THE FRONT LINES,
DUCKIN' BULLETS, UP TO MY NECK
IN BLOOD. AFTER ALL, THAT'S
WHAT I DO, RIGHT?

I'M THE HOWLING COMMANDO.
THE AGENT OF SHIELD. THE OLD
WARHORSE WHO NEVER SLOWS
DOWN, KEEPS FIGHTIN' ON FOR
GOD AND COUNTRY...

...YEAR AFTER
YEAR, DECADE
AFTER DECADE.

NICK FURY, AMERICAN
HERO. AIN'T A PERSON
IN THIS COUNTRY HASN'T
HEARD OF ME. READ
ABOUT ME.

WONDER WHAT THEY'D SAY IF
THEY'D SEEN ME BACK WHEN I
WAS GROWIN' UP HERE IN HELL'S
KITCHEN. A SKINNY LITTLE
TENEMENT KID WITH SKYSCRAPER-
SIZED DREAMS.



I WAS DESPERATE TO GET OUTTA HERE. SHOW 'EM ALL WHAT I WAS MADE OF. BE A BIG MAN.

WELL, I DID IT.

FROM WWII TO THE WAR AGAINST HYDRA. GOT HUNDREDS OF MEDALS. DOZENS OF PRESIDENTIAL COMMENDATIONS.

SO HOW COME I STILL FEEL THE SAME HUNGER I HAD BACK THEN? THE SAME EMPTINESS AT MY CORE?

HEY, HERO-- WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' HERE?

ALL THESE YEARS, I'VE BEEN GRANTED A LIFESPAN MOST MEN WOULD ENVY; AND YET, UNDERNEATH IT ALL...

... AM I JUST THE SAME SKINNY KID?

WEREN'T YOU THE GUY WHO SWORE THAT ONCE YOU LEFT THIS RAT-HOLE YOU'D DIE BEFORE Y'CAM BACK?

GETTIN' NOSTALGIC, OLD MAN? REACHIN' THE POINT IN YER LIFE WHERE EVEN THE THINGS YA HATED ARE STARTIN' T'LOOK GOOD?

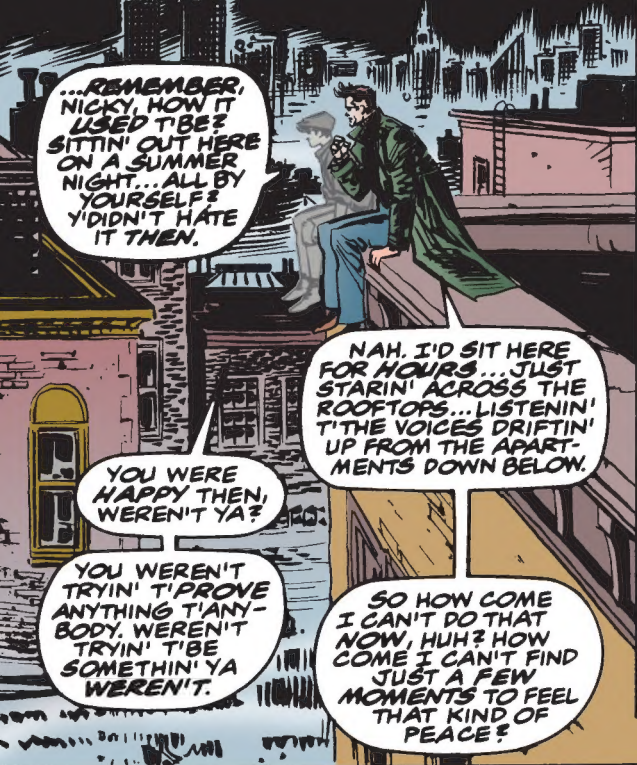
CASTLE'S OUT THERE. MIND SHATTERED RUNNIN' AROUND THINKIN' IT'S TEN YEARS AGO. BACK WHEN HIS WIFE AND FAMILY WERE KILLED.

C'MON, NICKY-- SEE IF YOU CAN DO IT THE WAY YOU USED TO!

AND HERE I AM, CHASIN' MEMORIES UP FIRE ESCAPES.

IS THAT WHY I'M HERE?

AM I SO SICK OF THE FIGHTING AND THE BLOOD THAT I'D RATHER LOSE MYSELF IN YESTERDAY... LEAVE THE WAR TO YOUNGER MEN? OR IS THERE SOMETHIN' I NEED TO LEARN HERE? SOMETHIN' I NEED TO...



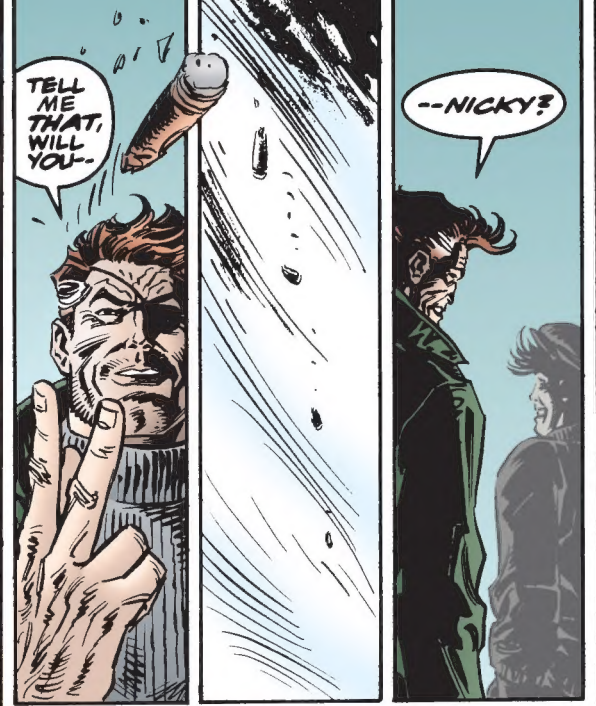
...REMEMBER, NICKY, HOW IT USED T'BE? SITTIN' OUT HERE ON A SUMMER NIGHT... ALL BY YOURSELF? Y'DIDN'T HATE IT THEN.

NAH, I'D SIT HERE FOR HOURS... JUST STARIN' ACROSS THE ROOFTOPS... LISTENIN' T' THE VOICES DRIFTIN' UP FROM THE APARTMENTS DOWN BELOW.

YOU WERE HAPPY THEN, WEREN'T YA?

YOU WEREN'T TRYIN' T' PROVE ANYTHING T' ANYBODY, WEREN'T TRYIN' T' BE SOMETHIN' YA WEREN'T.

SO HOW COME I CAN'T DO THAT NOW, HUH? HOW COME I CAN'T FIND JUST A FEW MOMENTS TO FEEL THAT KIND OF PEACE?



TELL ME THAT, WILL YOU--

--NICKY?



YER FEELIN' IT NOW, AIN'T YA OLD TIMER?

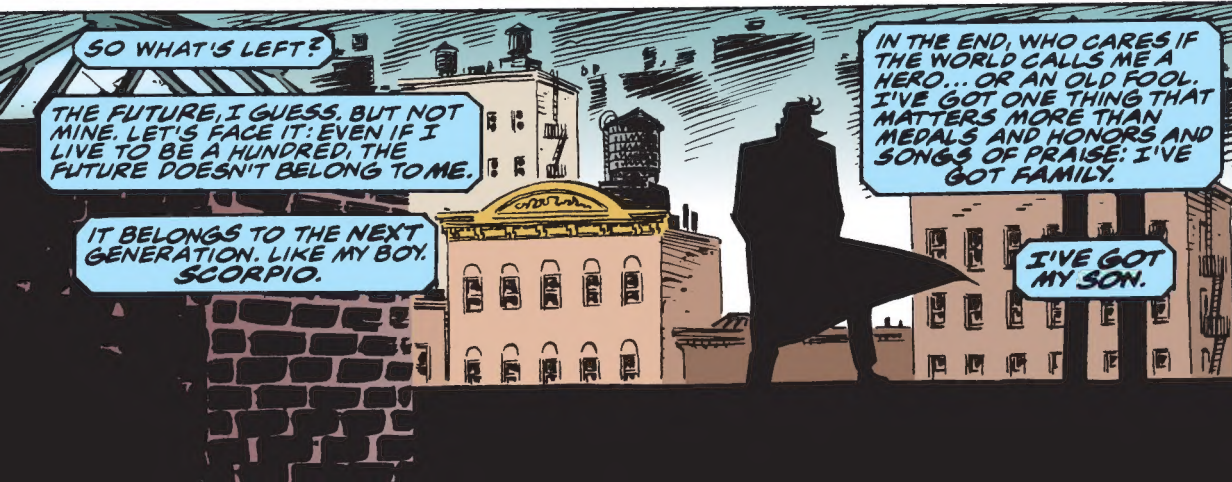


YER FEELIN' IT NOW...



YEAH, BUT IT'S JUST A MEMORY, KID. FADIN' AWAY LIKE SO MUCH CIGAR SMOKE.

CAN'T LIVE IN THE PAST, AND I SEEM TO BE GETTIN' MORE DISENCHANTED WITH THE PRESENT EVERY MINUTE.



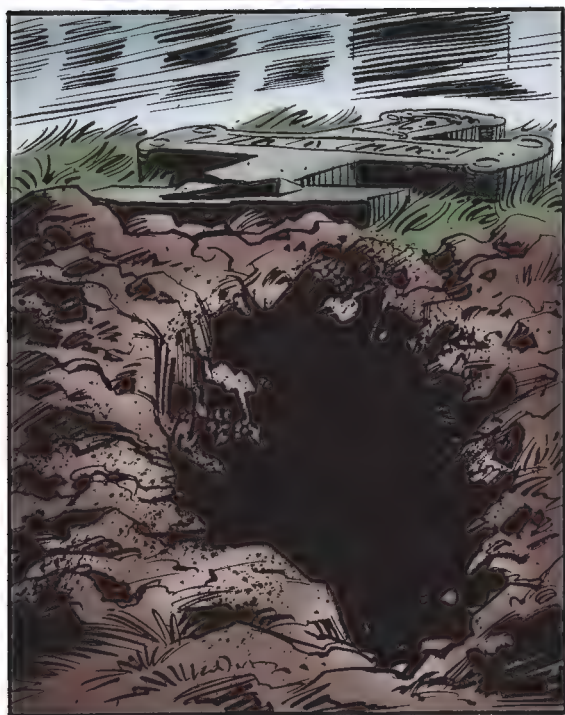
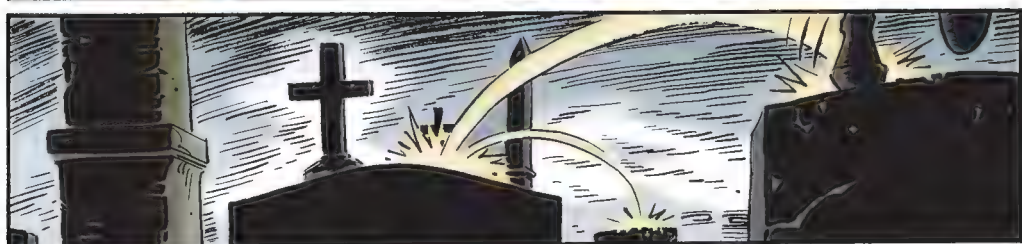
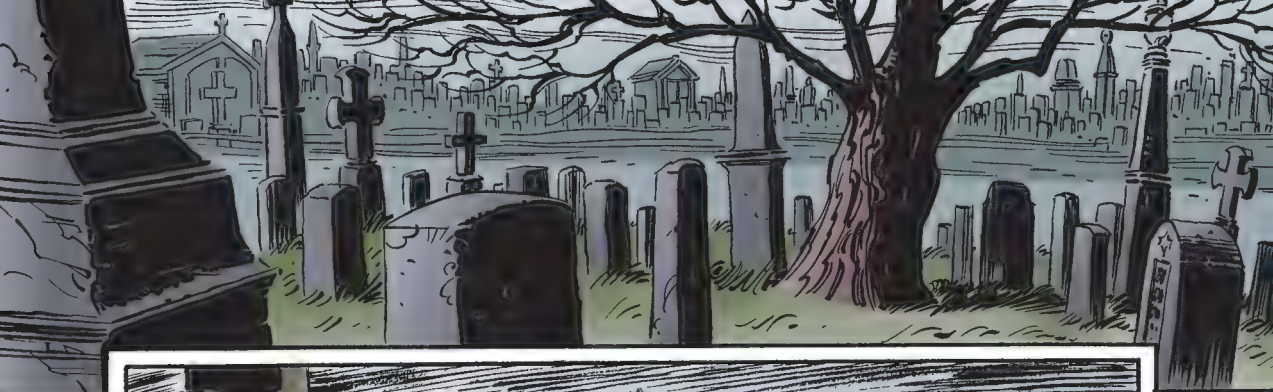
SO WHAT'S LEFT?

THE FUTURE, I GUESS, BUT NOT MINE. LET'S FACE IT: EVEN IF I LIVE TO BE A HUNDRED, THE FUTURE DOESN'T BELONG TO ME.

IT BELONGS TO THE NEXT GENERATION. LIKE MY BOY, SCORPIO.

IN THE END, WHO CARES IF THE WORLD CALLS ME A HERO... OR AN OLD FOOL. I'VE GOT ONE THING THAT MATTERS MORE THAN MEDALS AND HONORS AND SONGS OF PRAISE: I'VE GOT FAMILY.

I'VE GOT MY SON.



WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME? BEEN RESTLESS, ANXIOUS. DON'T THINK I'VE HAD MORE THAN THREE HOURS OF SLEEP IN THE PAST WEEK.

EVERY NIGHT I JUST LAY THERE IN BED, STOMACH IN A KNOT, HOT PANIC IN MY CHEST-- AND I DON'T KNOW WHY.

(OR MAYBE I DO.)

SOMETIMES IT SEEMS LIKE THERE'S AN ANSWER...CALLING TO ME FROM THE PERIPHERY OF MY CONSCIOUSNESS; BUT WHENEVER I TRY TO GET CLOSE TO IT--IT SLIPS AWAY.

(OR DO I PUSH IT AWAY?)

SO I GET OUT OF BED AND DO WHAT I'VE ALWAYS DONE WHEN THE WEIGHT OF THE WORLD BECOMES TOO MUCH TO BEAR.

RUN FREE, OVER THE ROOFTOPS! NO CONSTRAINTS, NO LIMITS. NO FEAR.



(NOTHING BUT FEAR!)

IN THE NIGHT I CAN BE WHO I WANT TO BE. WHO I TRULY AM.

MATT MURDOCK?
JACK BATLIN?

NO. MURDOCK'S DEAD.
BATLIN'S AN ILLUSION
I'M DAREDEVIL.

DAREDEVIL!

DAREDEVIL!
DAREDEVIL!
DAREDEVIL!

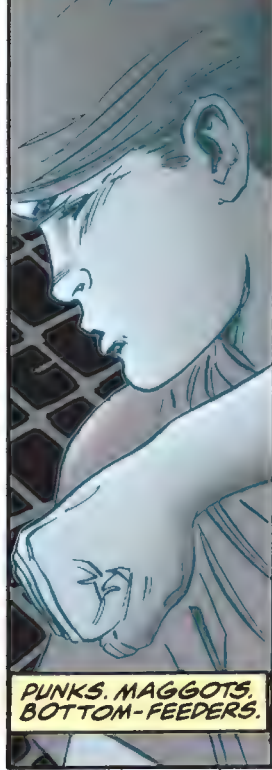
THE NAME THEY CALLED ME WHEN I WAS A KID. THE BOXER'S SON WHO SWORE TO HIS FATHER THAT HE'D NEVER RESORT TO VIOLENCE. NEVER LIVE BY HIS FISTS.

SO I JUST STOOD THERE AND LET THEM POUND ME, HUMILIATE ME. RIGHT HERE IN THIS VERY SCHOOL YARD.

DAY AFTER ENDLESS DAY.

I HATE YOU!

DAREDEVIL!



PUNKS. MAGGOTS. BOTTOM-FEEDERS.

HEY... DAREDEVIL.

DAREDEVIL!

DON'T CALL ME THAT.

DAREDEVIL!

THEY SAY CHILDHOOD IS PURE. AN INNOCENT TIME TO LOOK BACK UPON FOR SOLACE-- WHEN OUR LIVES SPIN OUT OF CONTROL.

(LOST MOTHER. MURDERED FATHER. BLIND EYES.)

WHAT A JOKE!

(LIES!)



MATT KEPT HIS PROMISE TO HIS FATHER... BUT DAREDEVIL RAN WILD. DAREDEVIL LAUGHED. DAREDEVIL...

DAREDEVIL!
DAREDEVIL!

I SAID--



...SINNED.

HEY, HORNHEAD--

--DON'T CALL ME THAT!



--GET A MAJOR GRIP!

SHANN



GOOD ADVICE. PULL YOURSELF OUT OF YESTERDAY. FOCUS ON THE...

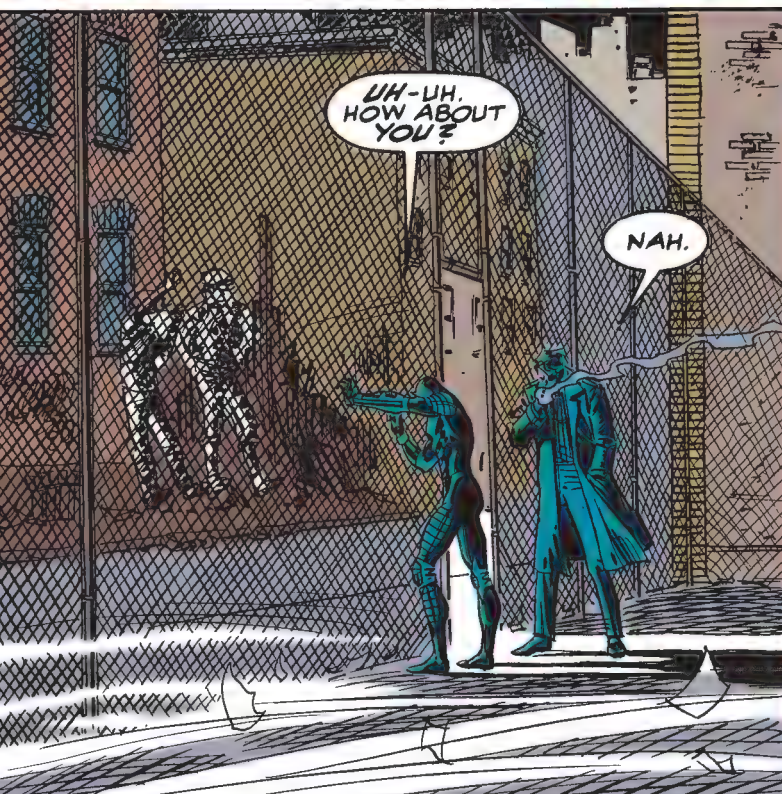
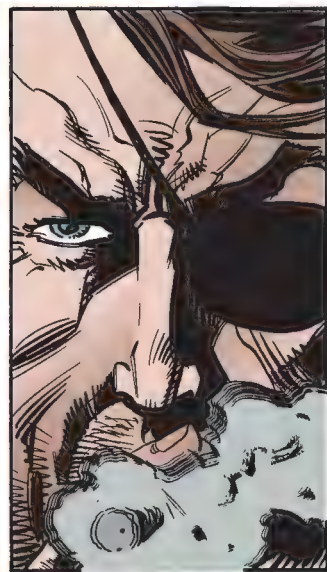
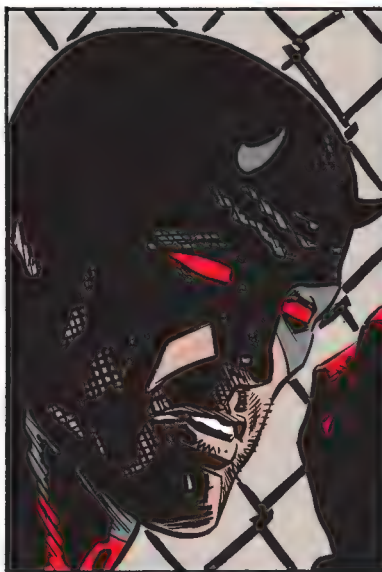
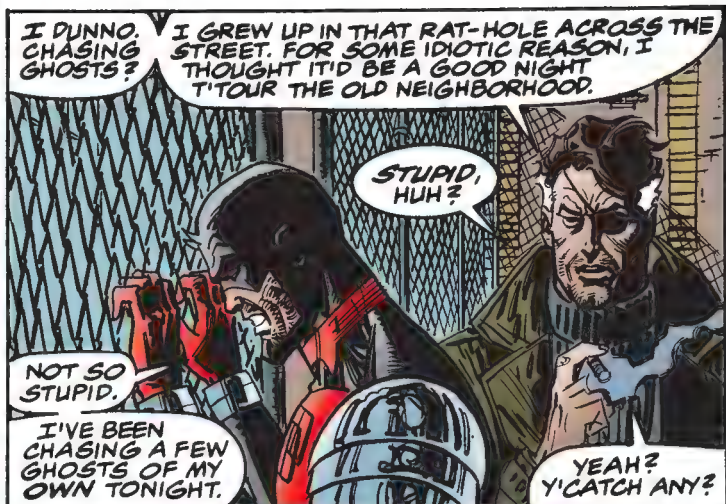
...NOW:

GRAVEL VOICE. HAIR DYE. AWFUL COLOGNE. EXPENSIVE CIGAR.



NICK FURY--?

TOOK Y'LONG ENOUGH T'FIGURE IT OUT.

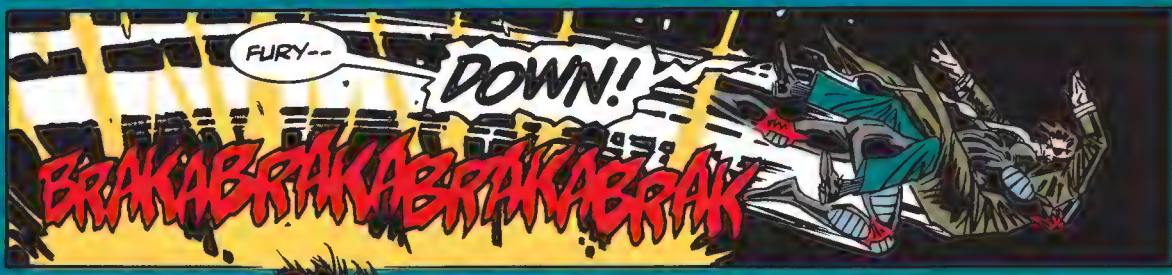




SO...AH...
LOOK--

--I DUNNO
IF YOU'RE A
DRINKIN' MAN,
BUT MAYBE WE
COULD--

SWEAT
AND RAGE.
POUNDING
HEART.
OIL AND
STEEL.
RIFLE
COCKED.



FURY--

DOWN!

BRAKABRAKABRAKABRAK



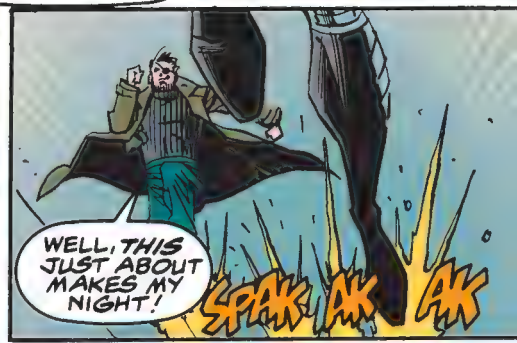
PUNISHER!

FURY!

I'M GONNA
HAVE YOUR
HEAD,
YOU ANIMAL!

BUDABUDABUDA

I'M GONNA
HAVE YOUR
#576#E*#
HEAD!



WELL, THIS
JUST ABOUT
MAKES MY
NIGHT!

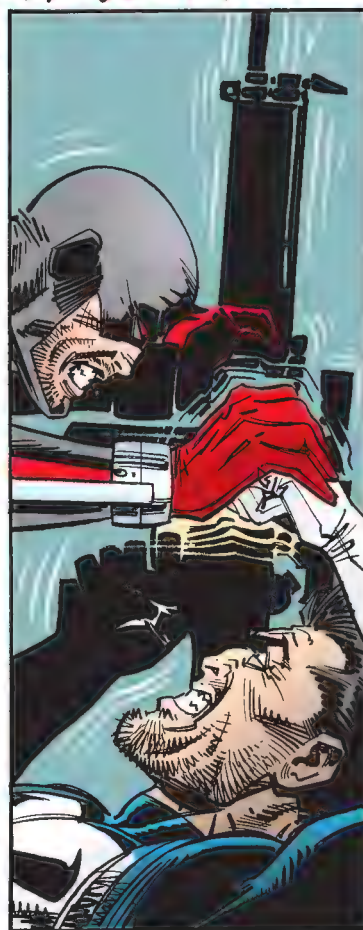
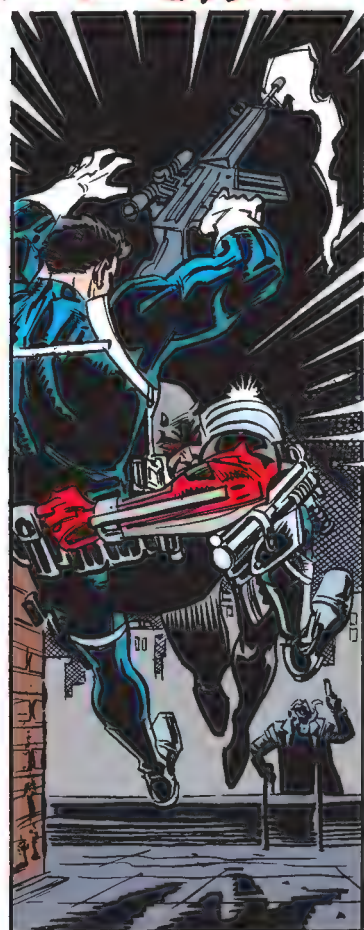
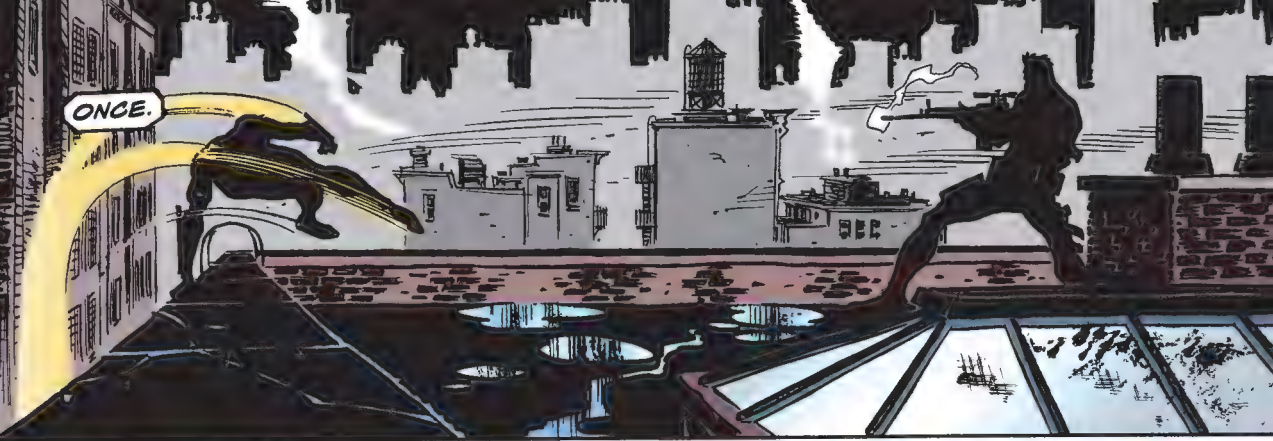
SPAK AK AK

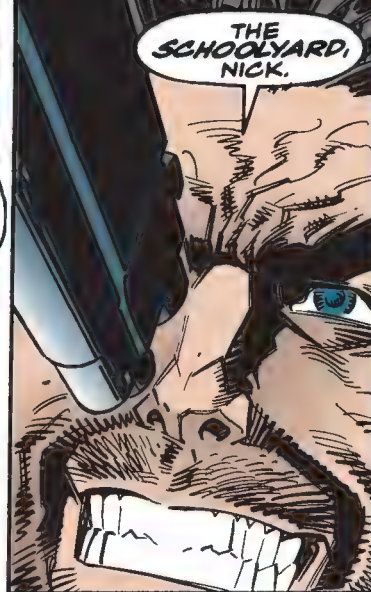
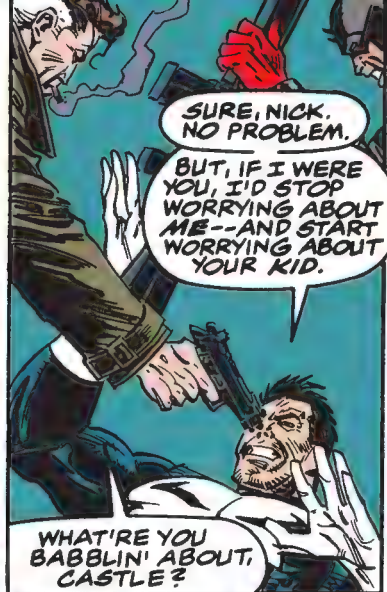


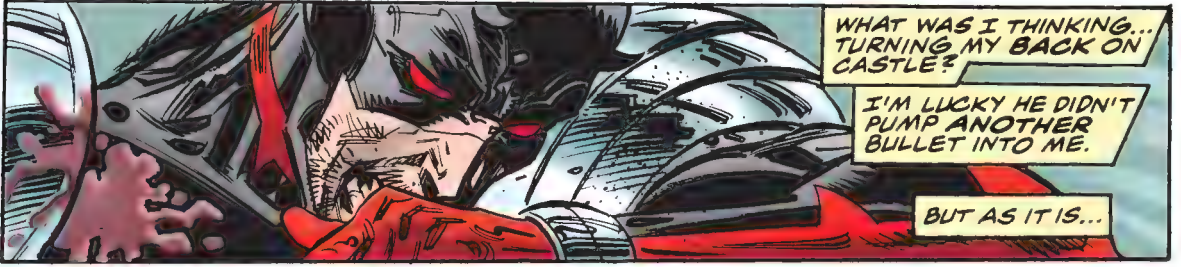
THAT'S IT, OLD
MAN: RUN.
BUT THAT
AIN'T NO
GHOST YOU'RE
TRYIN' TO
KEEP UP
WITH NOW.



LOOK AT HIM GO!
I COULD MOVE
LIKE THAT!



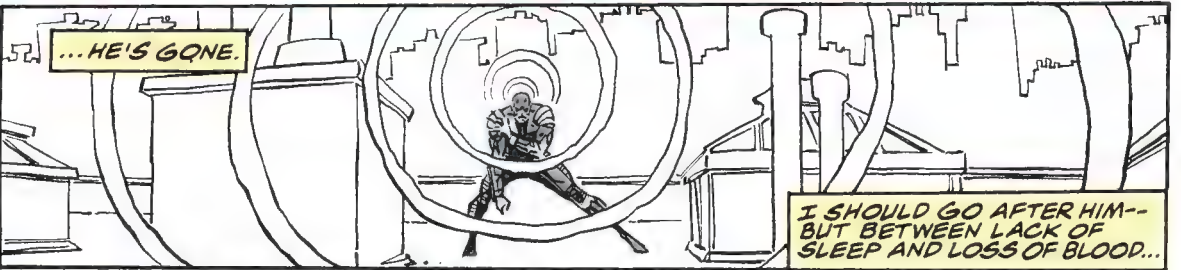




WHAT WAS I THINKING...
TURNING MY BACK ON
CASTLE?

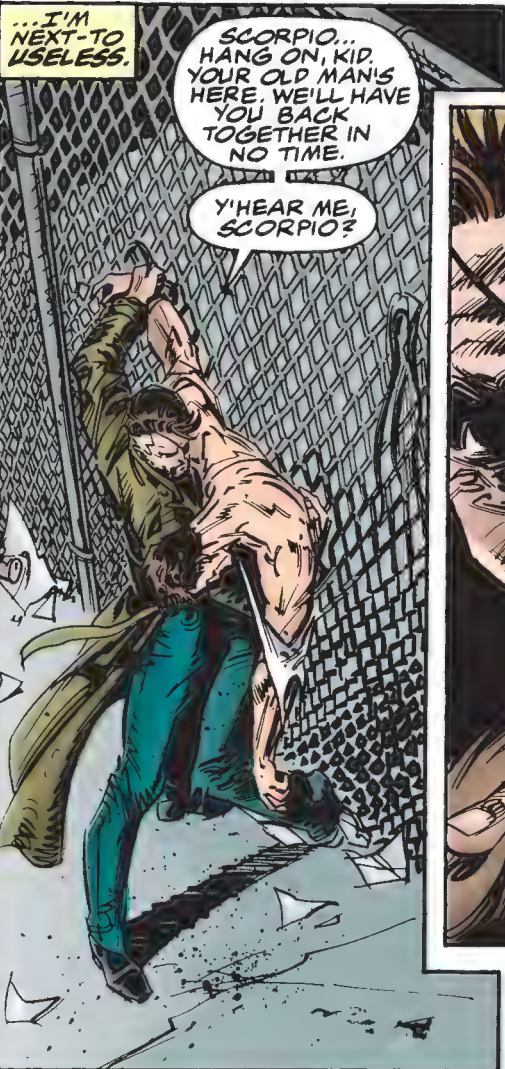
I'M LUCKY HE DIDN'T
PUMP ANOTHER
BULLET INTO ME.

BUT AS IT IS...



...HE'S GONE.

I SHOULD GO AFTER HIM--
BUT BETWEEN LACK OF
SLEEP AND LOSS OF BLOOD...



...I'M
NEXT-TO
USELESS.

SCORPIO...
HANG ON, KID.
YOUR OLD MAN'S
HERE. WE'LL HAVE
YOU BACK
TOGETHER IN
NO TIME.

Y'HEAR ME,
SCORPIO?



SCORPIO?





NICK--
--I'M SORRY.

STUPID, INEFFECTUAL WORDS.

I REMEMBER WHEN MY FATHER DIED-- ALL THE SORROWFUL LOOKS, THE EMPTY WORDS, JUST MADE ME ANGRY. MADE ME--



WAIT A MINUTE!

CALL SHIELD!

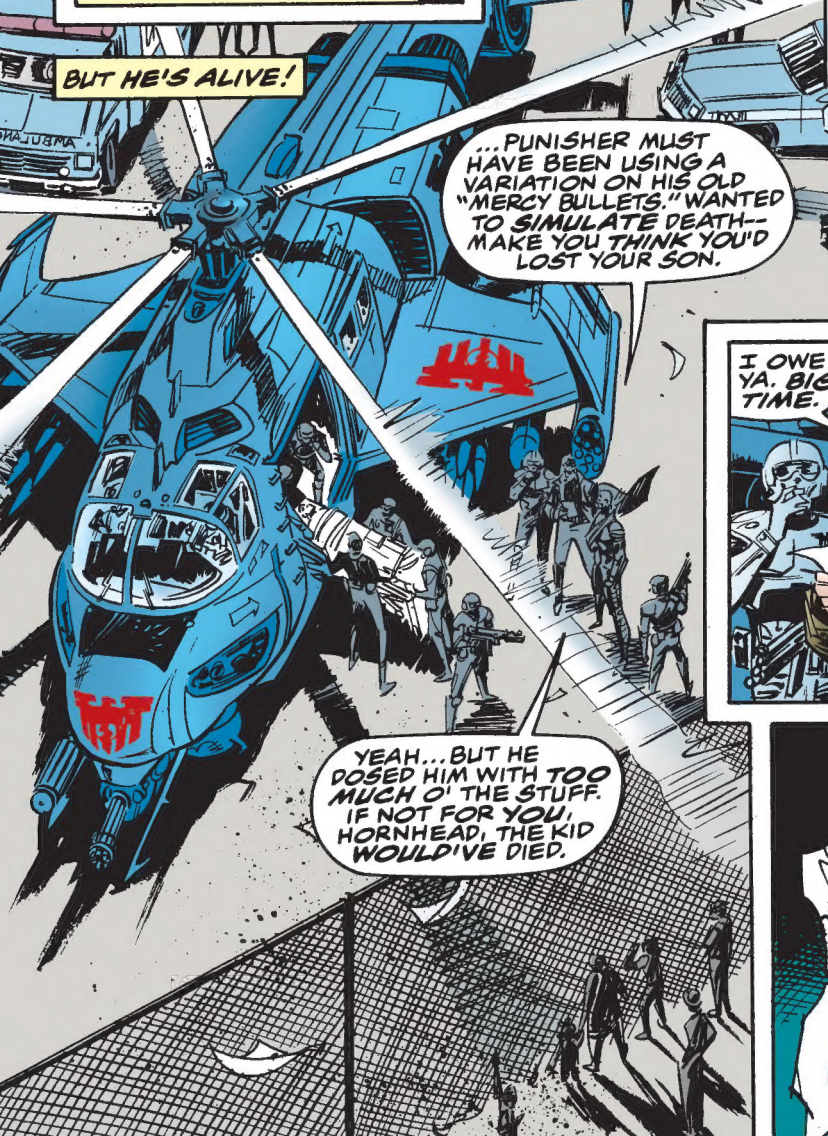
GET A MEDICAL TEAM HERE!

WHAT THE DEVIL ARE YOU--?



HE'S NOT DEAD!

PUMPED WITH ENOUGH CHEMICALS TO SLOW HIS HEARTBEAT AND RESPIRATION TO A POINT WHERE EVEN MY HYPER-SENSES NEARLY MISSED THEM.



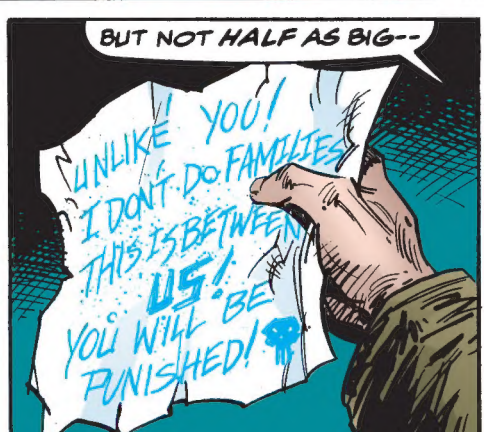
BUT HE'S ALIVE!

...PUNISHER MUST HAVE BEEN USING A VARIATION ON HIS OLD "MERCY BULLETS." WANTED TO SIMULATE DEATH-- MAKE YOU THINK YOU'D LOST YOUR SON.



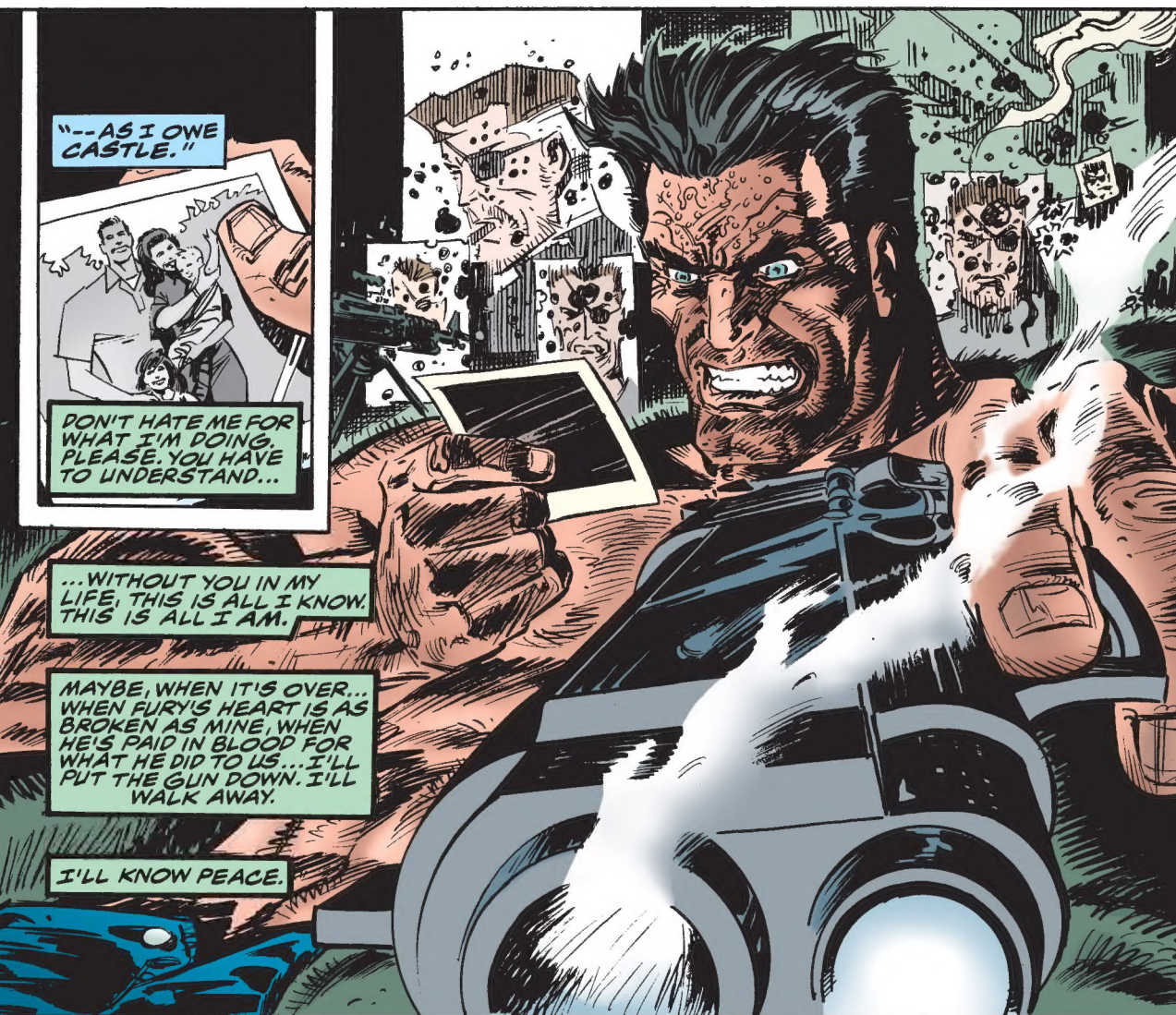
I OWE YA. BIG TIME.

YEAH... BUT HE DOSED HIM WITH TOO MUCH O' THE STUFF. IF NOT FOR YOU, HORNHEAD, THE KID WOULD'VE DIED.



BUT NOT HALF AS BIG--

UNLIKE YOU!
I DON'T DO FAMILIES
THIS IS BETWEEN
US!
YOU WILL BE
PUNISHED!



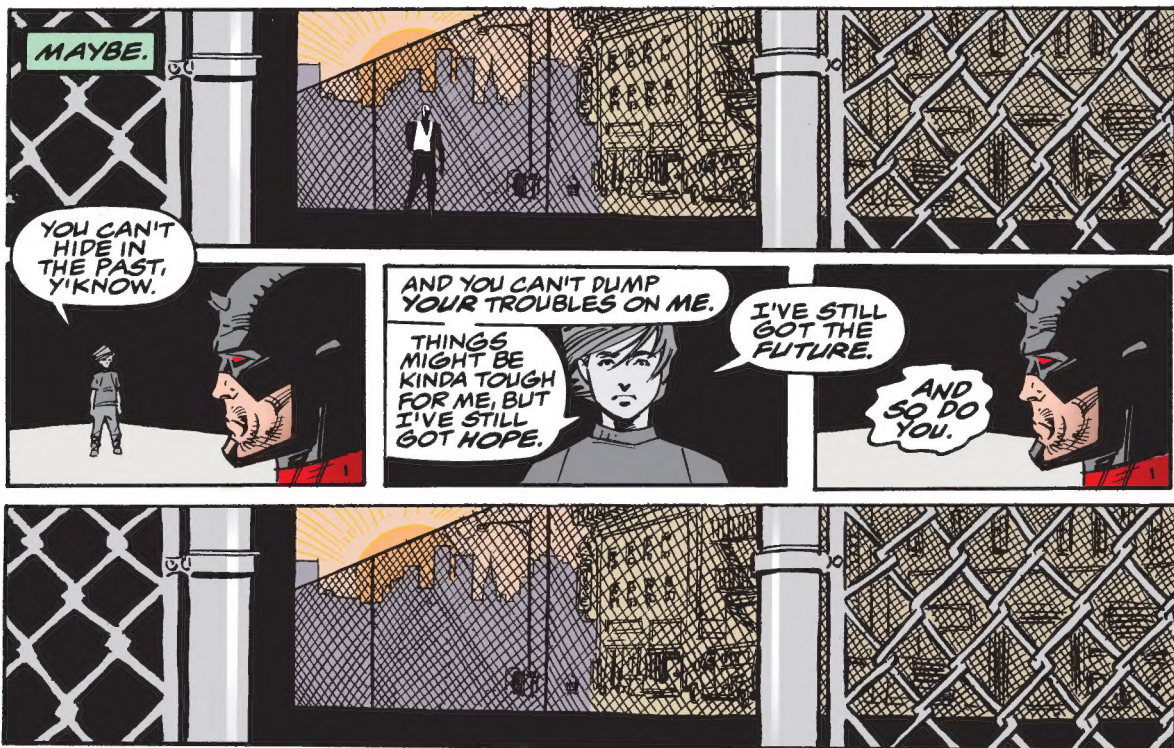
"...AS I OWE
CASTLE."

DON'T HATE ME FOR
WHAT I'M DOING.
PLEASE. YOU HAVE
TO UNDERSTAND...

...WITHOUT YOU IN MY
LIFE, THIS IS ALL I KNOW.
THIS IS ALL I AM.

MAYBE, WHEN IT'S OVER...
WHEN FURY'S HEART IS AS
BROKEN AS MINE, WHEN
HE'S PAID IN BLOOD FOR
WHAT HE DID TO US... I'LL
PUT THE GUN DOWN. I'LL
WALK AWAY.

I'LL KNOW PEACE.



MAYBE.

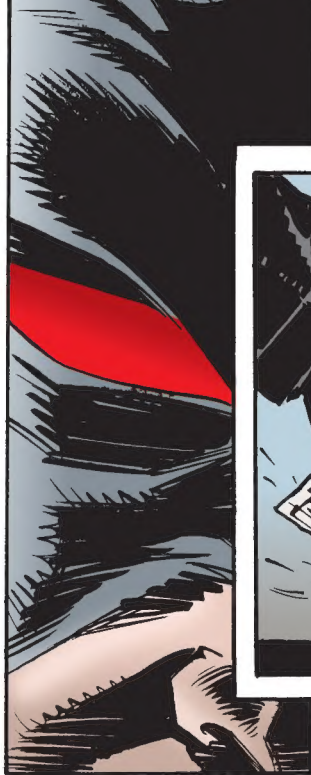
YOU CAN'T
HIDE IN
THE PAST,
Y'KNOW.

AND YOU CAN'T DUMP
YOUR TROUBLES ON ME.

THINGS
MIGHT BE
KINDA TOUGH
FOR ME, BUT
I'VE STILL
GOT HOPE.

I'VE STILL
GOT THE
FUTURE.

AND
SO DO
YOU.

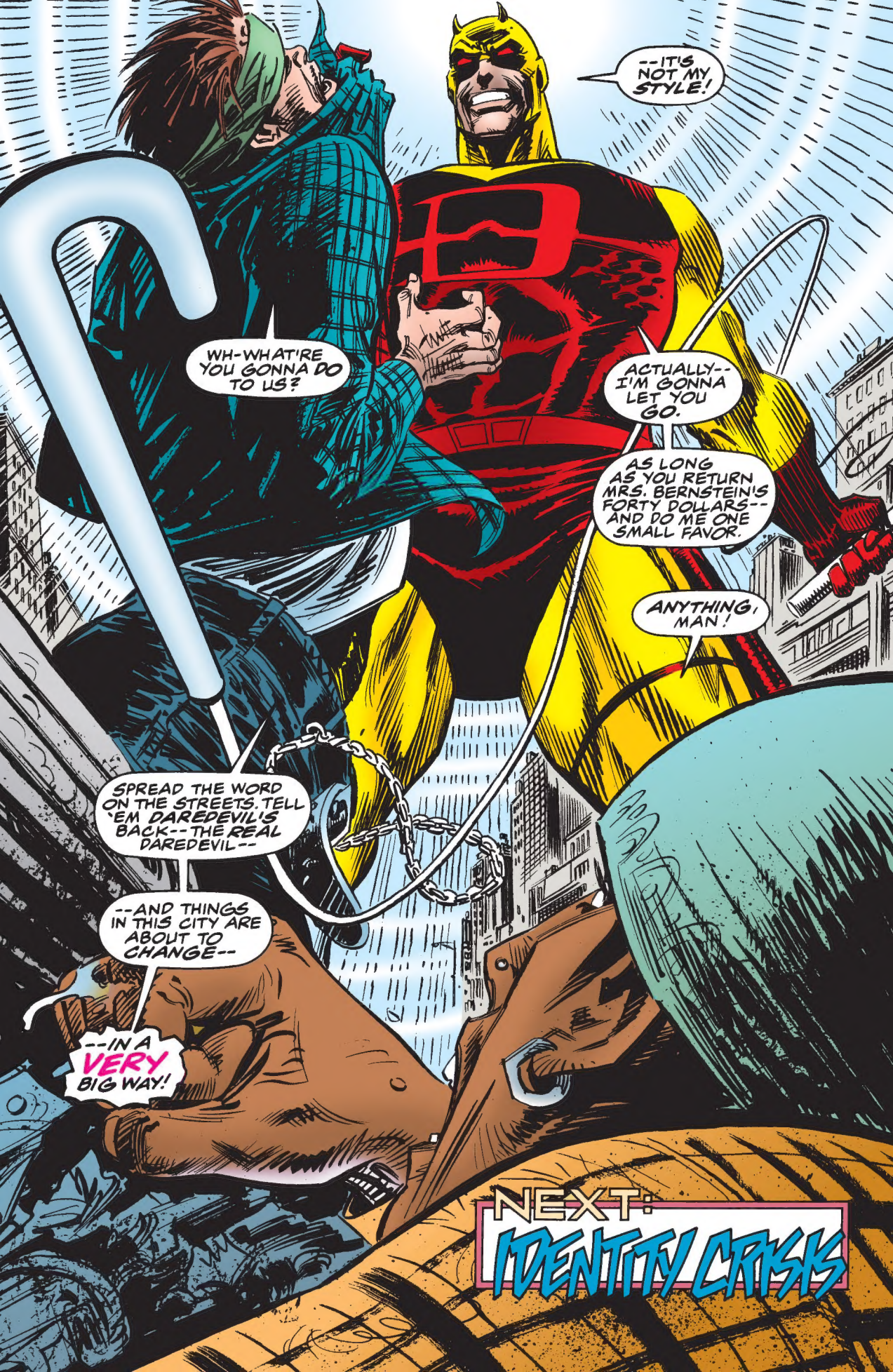


I CAN'T BELIEVE HE CAUGHT US BREAKIN' INTO MRS. BERNSTEIN'S APARTMENT!

WHOSE IDEA WAS THIS, ANYWAY?



WOULDN'T THINK OF IT, KID--



--IT'S NOT MY STYLE!

WH-WHAT'RE YOU GONNA DO TO US?

ACTUALLY-- I'M GONNA LET YOU GO.

AS LONG AS YOU RETURN MRS. BERNSTEIN'S FORTY DOLLARS-- AND DO ME ONE SMALL FAVOR.

ANYTHING, MAN!

SPREAD THE WORD ON THE STREETS. TELL 'EM DAREDEVIL'S BACK-- THE REAL DAREDEVIL--

--AND THINGS IN THIS CITY ARE ABOUT TO CHANGE--

--IN A **VERY** BIG WAY!

NEXT:
IDENTITY CRISIS